

**see what we can be if we press forward by
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Summary:

At first, Will thinks Richie butt-dialed him.

Will is wrong.

see what we can be if we press forward

Author's Note:

- For [cathect](#).

i was drunk the other night and wrote this for hannah (cathect) on a whim! just a fun little thing, i see both boys as 18 or so in this fic, hence the 'implied underage drinking' tag.

thanks to hannah for beta'ing!

enjoy!

“Richie?” Will asks, holding his phone close.

“S-sup,” the boy on the other end slurs, hiccups, then laughs softly. “Sup, Will?” He drags out Will’s name three times longer than he needs to. He laughs again.

“Richie, are you drunk?” Will asks in a hushed tone. He lifts his head long enough to look around his living room—but remembers, Jonathan is with Steve and Nancy, and he’s pretty sure his mom is at Hopper’s tonight. “What the hell, Richie?”

“S’just sorta... happening.”

Will can practically hear Richie shrugging.

“Do I need to come get you?” Will stands and starts to search for his keys. He pats down his jeans, digs around the bowl on the couch-side table, and comes up empty. “Talk to me, c’mon.” Will urges as he hurries to his bedroom. He goes through his recent jackets and jeans and still can’t find them. “Richie?”

“Huh? Oh, nah, s’all good. Just wanted to hear your voice.”

Will’s cheeks burn suddenly. “Oh.”

Richie snickers, but it’s not mean. “Sides, Dustin’s here.

Somewhere..." His voice trails off. "Lucas might be too, actually. N'Bev." There's a rustling, and a soft *'oomph . '* "Had to sit down," Richie explains.

"Sitting down is probably a good idea."

More rustling. If Will had to guess he'd say Richie's probably nodding. "S'right," Richie agrees. "Sorry to bug you."

Will shakes his head, then says, "No, it's okay."

"Just wanted to hear your voice," he says again, breezy, like it's not making Will's heart hammer and race. "Well..."

Will's breathing catches. "...Richie?"

"S'gonna sound stupid." He slurs and trails off again. "Bev dialed for me."

"Too drunk to drunk dial someone? Only you, Richie."

Richie laughs. "That's me," he agrees. There's a dull thud, and Richie hisses in pain. "Hit my head," he says, "tree trunk."

"Careful," Will tells him.

"I know." Richie nods again.

"Why did Bev dial me? Just because," Will swallows. "Because you wanted to hear me?"

"Well, yeah." Richie says it like it's obvious. "She says I should just tell you, but I can't."

"You can tell me anything." Will stumbles to his bed. He sits down when his legs shake and he realizes he's gripping the phone so hard, his knuckles ache. He lets his grip loosen for a moment and switches hands. "You know that."

Richie hums. "What do I know?"

"That you can tell me anything." Normally, Will might laugh. Drunk

Richie is just as funny as Sober Richie, just as kind and goofy and ridiculous. But Will's heart won't slow down and his breathing is coming in short, fast gasps. "What did Bev want you to tell me, Richie?"

Richie groans. "I need another drink."

"No," Will cuts across him, and he listens to Richie freeze. "Please tell me."

A sigh, more rustling. "Had to lay down," Richie grumbles. "Usin' my shirt as a pillow."

"For fuck's sake, Richie." Will chides him with a half-hysterical laugh.

"If I tell you, will you come pick me up? Wanna sleep."

Will's anxiety softens and starts to melt away. "Of course, Richie. I'd pick you up even if you didn't tell me."

"Oh, good." Richie falls silent for a few minutes. "I'll still tell you, though. Bev said I should. N'I should always do what Bev says."

"That's true." Will swallows his laugh. "I still have to find my keys." He stands again even though his legs aren't quite steady. "You work up your nerve while I search for my keys."

Richie mumbles something that sounds like an agreement and Will pulls his phone away from his ear. He puts it on speaker and holds it as he searches through his room again, then heads to the kitchen. His keys aren't on the counter, or in the drawer, or on the dining room table. The faint sounds of Richie murmuring to himself, hiccupping every few words, filter through his phone. Will eventually ends up in the middle of his living room again and looks around.

He rifles through the couch cushions on a whim, and sighs when his fingers curl around the familiar key fob. "Okay, Richie, found them."

"Huh?"

"Found my keys, I'll be on my way in a few."

“Oh, good.” Richie says again. “Tomorrow,” he says a little louder, like an announcement. “I will take you on a proper date.”

Will stops at the front door, one hand reaching for the doorknob. “What?”

“It’ll be like... IHOP, or something. And you’ll have to drive, cuz I’m gonna be *so* hungover.” Richie laughs, then groans. “But it’ll be a proper date. I’ll pay, n’pull your chair out for you, n’hold the door.”

Will finally makes it outside and rushes to his car. He fumbles with his keys until the finicky key fob unlocks his car and he slides into the driver’s seat. “Oh,” Will says, a little breathless. “You want to take me on a date?”

“A proper one,” Richie confirms.

“Okay.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Will agrees. “I’d like that.” He sets his phone in its stand on his dash and starts his car. As the engine comes to life, Will realizes... “Where are you, Richie? Where’s the party?”

“Uh.” Richie hums. “Uh, I think... Troy’s place? But Troy isn’t here, don’t worry.”

Pulling out of his driveway, Will laughs. “Why is there a party at Troy’s place if Troy isn’t around?”

“Cuz Troy’s an asshole. The place is kinda trashed.”

Will shakes his head fondly. “Okay, I’ll be there in a few.”

“It’s a date,” Richie says, then laughs to himself.

Will grins, bites his bottom lip, and fights to keep his voice level. “It’s a date,” he agrees.